Sorting Things Out

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/65556949.

Rating:
General Audiences

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Categories:
Gen, M/M

Fandom:
The Pitt (TV)

Relationships:
Frank Langdon/Michael "Robby" Robinavitch, Dana Evans & Frank Langdon, Frank Langdon & Cassie McKay, Dana Evans & Michael "Robby" Robinavitch

Characters:
Frank Langdon, Dana Evans, Michael "Robby" Robinavitch, Cassie McKay

Additional Tags:
Don't copy to another site, Getting Together, First Kiss, Frank Langdon-centric, Soon-to-Be Divorced Frank Langdon, Domestic Violence, Abusive Relationships, Idiots in Love, Found Family, Dana 'youre like the son i never wanted' Evans but shes a lying liar who lies, Team as Family

Language:
English

Series:
Part 5 of Way Down We Go

Stats:
Published: 2025-05-14 Words: 2,280 Chapters: 1/1

Sorting Things Out

by Reported_MIA

Summary

It's the wrong thing to say because Robby's lips form a thin line and his glistening eyes glare at him, clearly upset. “They told me you coded on the table *twice,”* he whispers softly, and yeah, that makes Frank's stomach cinch tightly. He hadn't realized how bad it was.

He really almost died. He almost never got to see his kids again.

Notes

hmmm this might be the last part of this series, at least for a while! i had a blast but im all outta writing juice now lmao. hope you guys enjoy!!

The first thing he registers as consciousness slowly returns to him is that there's a soft, delicate hand within his own.

He has no idea who it could be at first, but the more he thinks about it, the more he dreads the answer. He tries to pretend to be asleep for a little longer, but his heart monitor spikes with an embarrassingly loud beep that gives him away instantly, and the fingers in his palm twitch.

“Frank?” A voice that's decidedly *not* his wife's calls out, and his eyes hesitantly flutter open.

It's Cassie.

Her eyes well up with tears before he even fucking says anything, and the alarm that shoots through him is once again displayed on the screen beside them. “You fucking *asshole,”* she sobs, gripping his hand so tightly he can feel hers trembling. “What the hell were you *thinking?”*

He doesn't grace that question with a response, instead swallowing thickly and licking his lips as he squints at the bright lights and tries to focus. “When…?” Is all he can bring himself to ask, and Cassie hastily wipes at her eyes and grabs him a glass of water.

“It's been…” she pauses, glancing at the clock on the wall as he takes small sips through the straw being offered to him. “...twenty-two hours, since you… since you got shot. The bullet went clean through you, from one side to the other, and you lost a lot of blood.”

He lets his head fall back onto the pillow and blinks very, very slowly. He can't imagine how much morphine is being pumped into him right now, for him to actually be feeling it. “Okay,” he says, mostly to stall for time as he tries to make his brain form coherent thoughts. “Robby?”

Cassie's eyes go unbearably soft in a way that makes him unsure what to do with himself. “I *just* managed to convince him to go get something to eat,” she says fondly, smiling in endearment for a moment. “He's been glued to your side practically the whole time. He hasn't even gone home yet because he's been busy dealing with—”

She cuts herself off, but she doesn’t have to finish the thought for him to catch on. From the way her face shutters, he knows exactly what, or who, Robby's been occupied handling. His breath hitches in his

throat as panic seizes him like a vice. “My kids,” he says, the heart monitor going absolutely apeshit as he attempts to sit up. “Where are they? *Where are my kids?”*

Hands settle on his shoulders and firmly push him back down onto the bed. “They're *fine,* Frank,” Cassie reassures him quickly, eyeing his vitals carefully as she speaks. “They're with your parents, safe and sound.”

Before he could say anything to that, the room's door suddenly slams open, and both of them startle. An unfamiliar nurse is standing at the doorway, probably tipped off by the machines hooked up to him going haywire, but that's not where his attention goes.

Instead, his gaze meets Robby's, who's standing right behind her with wide, frantic eyes.

For a second, nobody moves.

Then, Robby sucks in a sharp, stuttering breath. “You're awake,” he stammers quietly, more to himself than to any of the other people in the room with him, almost like he can't quite believe it. “You're awake. You're *awake.”*

“So it would seem,” Frank replies, even when his tongue is as heavy as molasses in his mouth, because he just can't help himself.

The choked laugh Robby emits because of it is worth it.

In a flash, Robby's moving forward and settling at his bedside in record time. *You move fast for an old man,* he wants to joke, but the words get clogged in his throat as Robby takes his hand between both of his own and holds onto it like a lifeline.

He doesn't say anything, just looks at him with those big eyes and feels his pulse beneath his fingers, and Cassie slowly rises to her feet. “I'll give you two a minute,” she tells them softly, the corners of her eyes crinkling as she watches them with a small smile before turning around walking out the door, dragging the nurse with her.

“You're awake,” Robby says again, and he sounds so fucking choked up that Frank's heart aches in his chest. He's too woozy to move his other hand and envelope Robby's with both of his own, so he just settles for squeezing the one already being held. “You fucking *scared me.”*

Frank's eyes soften. “I'm sorry,” he murmurs honestly, even when Robby gives him an incredulous look for it. Wisely, he tries to make light of the situation, tries to make the older man laugh again. “It was just a little bullet, Robby. No biggie.”

It's the wrong thing to say because Robby's lips form a thin line and his glistening eyes glare at him, clearly upset. “They told me you coded on the table *twice,”* he whispers softly, and yeah, that makes Frank's stomach cinch tightly. He hadn't realized how bad it was.

He really almost died. He almost never got to see his kids again.

“I'm here now,” he settles on saying, weakly tugging at Robby's hands to draw his attention and make him meet his eyes again. He puts as much reassurance within his own as he can and smiles, nodding gently. “I'm right here, Robby.”

This time, without being prompted, Robby lifts a shaky hand and places it on Frank's steadily breathing chest. He feels his heart beat underneath his palm, counts every second of his inhales and his exhales, and lets out a trembling sigh of his own.

“I shouldn't,” he starts softly, and Frank's brows furrow in confusion at the nonsensical remark. Robby squeezes his eyes shut for a moment, then opens them and looks deep into Frank's, almost like he were searching for something. “I *really fucking shouldn't,* but I almost *lost* you, and I… I just…”

Shouldn't what? Frank opens his mouth to ask, only for the words to die on the tip of his tongue as Robby's hand rises from his chest and reaches forward, instead settling on the side of his face and cradling his jaw in its rough palm.

“Please, Frank, can I…” Robby trails off, licking his lips with an uncharacteristic nervousness, hesitating as he looks back at him hopefully and asks—

“Can I kiss you?”

Frank's eyes go impossibly wide.

Surely, he hadn't heard that right.

But as he looks back at Robby's equally wide eyes, desperate and frightened and pleading, he realizes that he very much had. “You—” Frank stutters, blinking rapidly as he tries to string together enough

words to form coherent sentences. “You *want* to?”

Robby gives him a look of pure disbelief. “Of fucking *course* I want to,” he says simply, easily, like it was the most obvious thing in the world. “I told you, you're my— you're my *guy*. Do you think I just go around saying that to anybody?”

Frank makes a small, strangled noise that sounds suspiciously like a squeak. “I thought…” He stammers, his mind running ten miles an hour as he puts a hand over Robby's and clings to it tightly. “I never knew you meant it like *that.”*

The older man lets out an incredulous and just the slightest bit hysterical laugh. “Well, now you fucking do,” he tells him, his eyes shining with equal amount of mirth and anxiety. “So can I? Can I kiss you?”

Frank laughs, airy and breathless and disbelieving, as he nods frantically and intertwines their fingers tightly. *“Yes,”* he says happily, entirely unable to help the way tears prickle at the corners of his eyes. “Yes, Robby, you can—”

The fucker doesn't even wait for him to finish the thought, just leaps forward and smashes their lips together hard. They're both laughing in it, giddy and euphoric and smitten, and all Frank can think is *we're so stupid, we're so fucking stupid, how could we both be this Goddamn stupid?*

Only the need for air makes them part, and even then neither of them goes very far, resting their foreheads against one another and looking deep into each other's eyes. The look on Robby's face tells him that the other man is thinking the exact same thoughts as him, and he can't help but laugh again.

“Well, looks like you two finally sorted things out.”

The two of them spring apart in surprise at the sudden third voice, and Dana cackles from where she's been standing in the doorway for who knows how long. She smiles at them both in endearment and exasperation, setting her bag on one of the chairs and leaning down to wrap her arms around Frank in a gentle hug.

“You're a right bastard, you know that, Langdon?” She says into his ear, but it comes out far too relieved to sound even a little bit like a reprimand. When she pulls away, she holds Frank's face in her hands for a moment and just looks at him, as if taking in the sight of him alive and well. “I'm too old to be getting scares like that, you little

shit.”

Frank rolls his eyes, but doesn't resist her when she places a firm kiss to the crown of his head and runs a soothing hand through his hair. “You're not that old, Dana,” he teases. “Didn't you take a punch to the face like a champ the other day? Not geriatric behavior.”

“I oughta punch *you* in the face,” she grumbles, pulling up her chair to the side of the bed and taking a seat. She points at Robby. “You had us all worried sick, kiddo. That one hasn't even gone home yet.”

And all at once, the grim reality of things comes rushing back to him. Cassie's earlier words echo in his skull and the ring on his finger suddenly weighs tons, searing its mark into his skin and stealing the breath out of his lungs.

Right. There was a reason Frank never entertained doing anything about his feelings for Robby. A pretty big fucking obstacle, at that.

The drop in his mood must be significant enough for the other two to catch on immediately. “What happened with her?” He asks shakily, wringing his hands together and keeping his eyes downcast, feeling stupid for being unable to even say her fucking name. “How come she isn't in here?”

Dana and Robby's faces darken at the mere mention of Abby, and the latter makes a displeased sound at his question. “You think I'd let her within ten fucking miles of you after what you told me?” He demands sharply, sounding almost offended that Frank even asked such a thing. “She got taken into custody the moment she arrived. You don't have to worry about her anymore.”

The dubiousness must show in his face, because Dana reaches forward and squeezes his hand tight. “It's true, hon. There wasn't even much of an investigation. Tanner confirmed everything right away.”

“Tanner?” Frank parrots in disbelief. “Tanner's *three.”*

“And a three year old would have no reason to lie about something like this,” she presses on, giving him an assertive nod in an attempt to convince him. “Every question they asked him got a pretty clear-cut answer. There's already arrangements for a divorce lawyer being made.”

Frank's vision swims, and he can't tell if it's shock or relief. Robby's hand is heavy on his shoulder, grounding him as he looks between

them with tears in his eyes. “That's it? Just like that?” He has to ask, because it just sounds too good to be fucking true. “It's *over?”*

Dana and Robby share significant looks before they're both crowding him in their tight embraces. “It's over,” Robby confirms, a finality in his tone that makes Frank completely unable to choke back the violent sob that escapes him. “It's really over, Frank. Let it out.”

So he does. He buries his face into Dana's blonde hair and starts crying in earnest, overwhelmed with shock, sorrow, and pure, unadulterated *relief.* Dana rubs comforting circles into the back of his hand while Robby whispers quiet reassurances into his ear, and finally, finally, he feels like he can fucking *breathe.*

But it's not quite everything yet. He sniffles and hiccups as he tries to collect himself, swallowing thickly and tapping Robby's arm to get his attention. “And… what happens to me?” He asks quietly, his voice so small he barely recognizes it. “With the benzos. Do I lose my license?”

Dana doesn't seem to react to words at all, meaning that she already knew, which Frank had guessed anyway. Robby shakes his head and wipes away the tear tracks on his face with an earnest smile. “No, sweetheart, you don't,” he reassures him, and Frank pretends his stomach doesn't do cartwheels at the sudden pet name. “Once you're out of here, you'll go to rehab for a month, then come back and work under tight surveillance for a few years. But you'll still be a doctor.”

Frank blinks at him in disbelief. “Seriously?”

Robby chuckles. “Seriously,” he echoes easily. “I didn't even have to pull any strings. Goes to show how good you are at what you do, right?”

“Oh, *Christ,* don't go stroking his ego just because you're an item now,” Dana groans, flicking Robby on the forehead with her finger and shooting the two of them a playful glare. “I'm sure you'd much rather be stroking *other things* anyway.”

“Dana!” Robby chokes, and Frank *wheezes,* falling back onto his pillow with a hysterical laugh.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!